

parted. So their home was with Mrs. Edwards on a farm where they could learn many wonderful things and go back to the city and tell their playmates what they knew.

One day Tommy was in the barn talking to Jim, the hired man. At the close of the conversation he took from his pocket a penny which he gave to Tommy, saying, "To-morrow you may go to town with me and buy a stick of caudy with that." Tommy was too much excited over the treasure to think what should be done with it or to thank Jim for it. He had often carried pennies which he would receive in exchange when buying something for his mother. But he had never owned a penny. The first thing to be done was to find Maude and share his joy with her. Out on the piazza steps two brown heads bent together and two hearts beat happily over Tommy's penny. Mrs. Edwards had told the twins about Mr. Morgan who had brought them to the country and of the mission box to which kind people had contributed money to pay the expenses. They were much pleased when she said that she would take them to church where they could hear the Mr. Morgan preach. Tommy and Maude at once thought of the mission box and wondered whether they could drop the penny into it to swell the fund, "You see," said Tommy, "if they get enough they will bring more children to the country next summer, and I am sure that we want others to have a nice time too." "Yes indeed," said Maude, "and that is where the penny must go." They had now decided how to use the penny and Tommy laid it away in a drawer until they should go to church.

The next Sunday the twins went to church with Mrs. Edwards and listened to Mr. Morgan's sermon. After church he came and spoke to them and they thought he was the kindest man they had ever seen. Tommy all the time held his precious penny in his hand. "Where is the mission box?" he asked Mr. Morgan. "I have a penny I want to put in it so that you can bring more children here next summer. Mr. Morgan was surprised. "Have you really a donation for our box?" he asked. Then Tommy told where he got his penny and how he and Maude had decided to put it in the mission box. Tommy had the pleasure and satisfaction of dropping the penny in the box himself while Maude was contented to see him do it.

You may think that a penny is too small a thing to accomplish much in the world; but this penny had a great influence. Mr. Morgan told the story of Tommy's sacrifice and ambition to help in the work to

his people and it was strange how the box began to fill up. So the next summer Tommy and Maude came to the country again and a large number of children with them.

KEEP IT WHOLLY.

A young girl was trying to learn the Ten Commandments. Her mother told her to shut the Bible and write them from memory. She brought the result of her effort for inspection, and lo, she had written the Fourth Commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it wholly."

The mother said: "Why, don't you know how to spell better than that? The word is not 'wholly,' but 'holy.'"

The good grandmother, who was sitting by, looked up with one of her peculiar smiles, and remarked:

"Maybe the child hasn't really made a mistake, after all. At least her idea of holy is preferable to that of a good many of our church members. They think that they keep the Sabbath if they go to church in the morning, and then feast, or lounge about, or visit, or go riding, or read the secular papers the rest of the day. They don't seem to understand that when God said 'keep it holy,' he meant the whole of it."

When I went home I examined my Webster's Unabridged, and learned that the two words "holy" and "wholly", came from the same Anglo-Saxon root, which is "hol," the whole. The radical idea of holiness is completeness, wholeness. A man is whole, physically, when he is in perfect health, obeying all the natural laws under which he lives. And a man is whole, or holy, spiritually, when he is conformed in his character and life to the higher law—the law which God has revealed for the soul.—*Exchange.*

UNTOLD LIES.

The art of telling a lie by telling the truth, but less than the whole of it, is cultivated by some people; and when their trick of concealment is by some chance found out, they are never quite believed afterwards.

A person of this type was once relating certain circumstances to an acquaintance, who appeared, perhaps, a trifle incredulous.

"What!" exclaimed the narrator, "do you suspect what I tell you?"

"Oh, no," answered the other; "but I suspect what you don't tell me."

The remark was an apt one, and ought to have been a warning to the speaker. But inasmuch as this person was grown to years of discretion, and still kept back a part of the truth, it is doubtful if any

experience could teach him to be really truthful. There is a great deal of untruthfulness latent somewhere in human nature and unless one is "brought up to tell the truth," and taught in childhood to abhor a lie in any shape, there is very little hope that such a person will become outspoken and candid.—*Youth's Companion.*

PRAISE TO THE FACE.

I once saw a father walk up to a map his little boy had made and pinned on the wall. He stood before it a long time in silence, and in silence walked away. The little fellow was sitting in the room, and the father knew he was there. He was watching with his eager child's eyes, waiting anxiously for a word of approval. As none came, his poor little face fell unhappily. Straight into the next room walked the father, and said carelessly:

"Robert has drawn a very clever map in there. Look at it when you go in."

"Did you tell him it was clever?" asked a judicial listener, following from the room where the little fellow still sat.

"Why no. I ought to have done so. I never thought to mention it."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," was the deserved reply. "Go back now and tell him."

We ought all of us to be ashamed of ourselves a dozen times a day for like sins of omission. It costs so little to say nice things, and the result in another's pleasure is out of all proportion to our trouble. "Praise to the face, open disgrace." No such thing. The proverb is wrong. Praise to the face is one of the sweetest things on earth, and there is no disgrace in it, unless untruth enters, or unless the praise is undeserved. It is the more grateful because no one may ask for open praise and receive by asking: its fine flavor is quite gone, and it is but flattery.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A BROKEN MOON.

The very first time little Pet saw the moon,
It was yellow and big round.
And looked like a giant's great platter of gold,
Rising slowly up out of the ground.

The next time she saw it 'twas high in the sky,
A new moon, as slim as could be,
And a look full of wonder came over her face,
"The moon is all broke," cried she.

What God may hereafter require of you, you must not give yourself the least trouble about. Everything He gives you to do you must do as well as you can, and that is the best possible preparation for what He may want you to do next. If people would but do what they have to do, they would always find themselves ready for what came next.